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# The Dragon Whisperer



powers

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## Chapter 1 by Adam

I have a... talent. Yes, I know everybody has talents but nobody has the same as mine. I can talk to...

I can talk to dragons.

It started when I was young, 6 I think. My village was always a great target for the winged beasts, being under a mountain. This attack was the biggest, and worst. I sat in the corner of my house whilst it happened, rocking back and forth. Two words could be heard coming out of my mouth "Go away." Repeated over and over, again and again. As the dragon's steps closed in, it softened and it's gaping mouth stopped roaring. It suddenly took to the skies and flew back to the mountains, where it lived.

When I grew older, I started venturing into the mountains to search for the dragon's nest. Some people called me suicidal for doing this, when I started doing it I thought the same. Now, I know I'm safe.

But today I met that very dragon and he was scared of me.

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Chapter 2 by Selena Raynes

I have never been called a

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dragon made it more insulting and puzzling.

I was told that dragons are flesh-eaters and would swallow any human whole given any tiniest chance. The dragon I've met didn't look that bloodthirsty, I'd say it was rather bored with life.

As I walked back to my village trying to understand why dragons would fly away from me at the first sight, I came to a resolution: I must seek out the truth. I must know who I am and where I came from, where dragons have taken me form and placed in this idyllic but dull Ravensdale countryside.

And to do that I must seek help of a man I haven't seen for years.

### Chapter 3 by Harlander



The old man was little more than a rumour in the village. My foster parents wouldn't speak of him, though I'd seen him talking to them many times in my childhood, falling silent as they realised I had overheard.

I sought out the oldest person in the village. Grego. Older even than the village elder, Seren, and her equally venerable husband. He'd served our small community well over the years of his youth and now was content to spend most of his time sitting in the meadhall telling wild tales to everyone who would listen.

"Oh, I knew him!" Grego said between sips. "As sure as my teeth are gone, I knew that man. He was old back when I could still work a day in the fields."

"Did you ever hear what he talked to my parents about?"

Grego whistled through the gaps in his teeth. (In truth he was more gap than teeth.) "Sure as the nights are cold, I never did. I did hear one thing, though. He said..." he took a long, slurping drag on his drink, "... that if his aid were ever needed, to seek him out in the great Dawn Sickle mountains, near the town of Mornington."

I had never wandered that far, but travelling traders had shared tales of their visits to the high

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**Chapter 4 by -**

But it was tough. The rocky ground wore down my sandals. I soon had painful bleeding blisters on my feet. It was hard to even take four steps without pausing. And every time I stopped for a second, the next step was ten times worse. I knew that at this pace, I would never make it.

I fell near a large, broad leafed tree. Its shade was refreshing, along with a slight breeze. I couldn't touch my feet in an effort to comfort them, they were like one big open wound.

It was here that I drifted into a deep sleep. When I awoke, I was in a nest. The nest of a dragon...

**Chapter 5 by WaffleWarrior**

I tried to move, but I was still exhausted from before. I lay there, cold wind running over me. I shiver and helplessly lay there, slowly freezing. The eggs around me start to move and crack, they were hatching. They were about the size of a bear, they started tearing at my body. I started to crawl away but they brought me back. I cried out as one bit my feet. "Stop it!" I yelled at them. They backed up in a cluster, while I nurtured my wounds. Warm air fell on me and I closed my eyes in comfort. A large mouth came around me and I lay in the large dragon's mouth. Don't birds do this? They chew up the worms in order to feed their chicks? Thinking about this, I panic. Wait, but what if it's the thing that crocodiles do? They carry their young in their mouths. I calm down and wait. The mouth opens and I tumble out. The baby dragons are feeding off their mother. She stares at me in expectation. My eyes widen as I realize the meaning. She's expecting me to suckle.

"I'm grown up. I'm not a baby." Besides my argument, a tail wraps around my waist and brings me to her chest. I back up in protest, but she pushes me again. She huffs and brings her head over and nudges me. She forces my head to drink her milk. I drink her warm milk until she's satisfied. Disgusted, I wipe my mouth. She grabs me by the shirt, as she would grab her children by the scruff, and places me into a warm fur of her most probable last meal.

"You needed energy" She spoke finally "I didn't care if you were an elderly"

I laugh, "An elderly?!"

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She nods slowly and tilts her head

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I giggle at her confusion, "I'm a mind reader!"

She snorts and wraps me in furs to keep me warm from the cold winter breezes. Her tail grabs me and it tightens around the furs. I try to free my hands, but they are stuck under the furs. She flies away from her nest while I helplessly scream in terror at how high in the air I am. She dives into a cave and it becomes pitch black. She lights an old torch with her fire breath and walks around the cave. She searches for something and let's go of me. Still wrapped in furs, I walk around the ancient room. She grunts in pleasure as she grabs a book of the shelf. Carefully, she hands it to me. I grab the book.

It says: The Lost Dragon Warrior

And on the cover it shows a picture of me and a white dragon. I look from the book and back to her several times.

"Is this you?" I ask.

She nods. "You must name me."

"I name you Frost." My heart filled with pride. I was the first human ever to name a dragon.

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